

"OUT OF THY LIFE."

"Out of thy life," could I but find
Where the waters of Lethe run,
Like some pilgrim of old without silver or gold,
I would journey from sun to sun.

In quest of that font I have not seen,
Yet fabled in song and prose,
But with waters as sweet and limpid, I ween,
As dew on the heart of a rose.

I would journey unaided save by the stars,
Scarce pausing to break my fast,
Overcoming all my progress bars,
I would drink and forget at last.

Onward, famished for life's sweetest good,
Onward through forest and glen,
In search of Lethe, that priceless food,
For the sons and daughters of men.

—Washington Star.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

He was a young man on whom, at the highest point of lovely exaltation, there had fallen a blow too sharp to be supported alone; and not many hundred yards away his greatest friend was sitting at supper; aye, and even expecting him. Was it not in the nature of man that he should run there? He went in quest of sympathy—in quest of that droll article that we all suppose ourselves to want when in a strait, and have agreed to call advice; and he went, besides, with vague but rather splendid expectations of relief. Alan was rich, or would be so when he came of age. By a stroke of the pen he might remedy this misfortune, and avert that dreaded interview with Mr. Nicholson, from which John now shrank in imagination as the hand draws back from fire.

Close under the Calton Hill there runs a certain narrow avenue, part street, part by-road. The head of it faces the doors of the prison; its tail descends into the sunless slums of Low Calton. On one hand it is overhung by the crags of the hill; on the other by an old graveyard. Between these two the roadway runs in a trench, sparsely lighted at night, sparsely frequented by day and bordered, when it was cleared the place toms, by dingy and ambiguous houses. One of these was the house of Colette, and at his door our ill-starred John was presently beating for admittance. In an evil hour he gratified the inquiries of the contraband hotel-keeper; in an evil hour he penetrated into a somewhat unsavory interior. Alan, to be sure, was there, seated in a room lighted by noisy gas-jets, beside a dirty table-cloth, engaged on a coarse meal, and in the company of several tipsy members of the junior bar. But Alan was not sober; he had lost a thousand pounds on a horse-race, had received the news at dinner-time, and was now, in default of any possible means of extrication, drowning the memory of his predicament. He to help John! The thing was impossible; he couldn't help himself.

"If you have a beast of a father," said he, "I can tell you I have a brute of a trustee."

"I'm not going to hear my father called a beast," said John, with a beating heart, feeling that he risked the last sound rivet of the chain that bound him to life.

But Alan was quite good-natured. "All right, old fellow," said he. "Moss' respectable man, your father." And he introduced his friend to his companions as "old Nicholson, the what-d'ye-call-'em son."

John sat in dumb agony. Colette's foul walls and maculate table linen, and even down to Colette's villainous casters, seemed like objects in a nightmare. And just then there came a knock and a scurrying; the police, so lamentably absent from the Calton Hill, appeared upon the scene, and the party, taken flagrante delicto, with their glasses at their elbow, were seized, marched up to the police office, and all duly summoned to appear as witnesses in the subsequent case against the arch-subversive, Colette.

It was a sorrowful and a mightily sobered company that came forth again. The vague terror of public opinion weighed generally on them all; but there were private and particular horrors on the minds of individuals. Alan stood in dread of his trustee, already sorely tried. One of the group was a son of a country minister, another of a judge; John, the unhappiest of all, had David Nicholson to father, the idea of facing whom on such a scandalous subject was physically sickening. They stood awhile consulting under the buttresses of Saint Giles; thence they adjourned to the lodgings of one of the number in North Castle street, where, for that matter, they might have had quite as good a supper, and far better drink, than in the dangerous paradise from which they had been routed. There, over an almost tearful glass, they debated their position. Each explained he had the world to lose if the affair went on, and he appeared as a witness. It was remarkable what bright prospects were just then in the act of opening before each of that little company of youths, and what pious consideration for the feelings of their families began now to well from them. Each, moreover, was in an odd state of destitution. Not one could bear his share of the fine; not one but evinced a wonderful twinkle of hope that each of the others (in succession) was the very man who could step in to make good the deficit. One took a high hand; he could not pay his share; if it went to a trial, he should bolt; he had always felt the English bar to be his true sphere. Another branched out into touching details about his family, and was not listened to. John, in the midst of this disorderly competition of poverty and meanness, sat stunned, contemplating the mountain bulk of his misfortune.

At last, upon a pledge that each should apply to his family with a common frankness, this convention of unhappy young asses broke up, went down the common stair, and in the gray of the spring morning, with the streets lying dead empty all about them, the lamps burning on into the daylight in diminished lustre, and the birds beginning to sound premonitory notes from the groves of the town gardens, went each his own way, with bowed head and echoing footfall.

The rooks were awake in Randolph Crescent; but the windows looked down, discreetly blinded, on the return of the prodigal. John's pass key was a recent privilege; this was the first time it had been used; and, oh! with what a sickening sense of his unworthiness he now inserted it into the well-oiled lock and entered that citadel of the proprietors! All slept; the gas in the hall had been left faintly burning to light his return; a dreadful stillness reigned, broken by the deep ticking of the eight-day clock. He put the gas out, and sat on a chair in the hall, waiting and counting the minutes, longing for any human countenance. But when at last he heard the alarm spring its rattle in the lower story, and the servants begin to be about, he instantly lost heart and fled to his own room, where he threw himself upon the bed.

CHAPTER III.

In Which John Enjoys the Harvest Home.

Shortly after breakfast, at which he assisted with a highly tragical countenance, John sought his father where he sat, presumably in religious meditation on the Sabbath mornings. The old gentleman looked up with that sour, inquisitive expression that came so near to smiling and was so different in effect.

"This is a time when I do not like to be disturbed," he said.

"I know that," returned John, "but I have—I want—I've made a dreadful mess of it," he broke out, and turned to the window.

Mr. Nicholson sat silent for an appreciable time, while his unhappy son surveyed the poles in the back garden, and a certain yellow cat that was perched upon the wall. Despair sat upon John as he gazed; and he raged to think of the dreadful series of his misdeeds, and the essential innocence that lay behind them.

"Well," said the father, with an obvious effort, "what is it?"

"Madman gave me four hundred pounds to put in the bank, sir," began John; "and I'm sorry to say that I've been robbed of it!"

"Robbed of it?" cried Mr. Nicholson, with a strong rising inflection. "Robbed? Be careful what you say, John!"

"I can't say anything else, sir; I was just robbed of it," said John, in desperation, sullenly.

"And where and when did this extraordinary event take place?" inquired the father.

"On the Calton Hill about twelve last night."

"The Calton Hill?" repeated Mr. Nicholson. "And what were you doing there at such a time of night?"

"Nothing, sir," says John.

Mr. Nicholson drew in his breath.

"And how came the money in your hands at twelve last night?" he asked, sharply.

"I neglected that piece of business," said John, anticipating comment; and then in his own dialect: "I clean forgot all about it."

"Well," said his father, "it's a most extraordinary story. Have you communicated with the police?"

"I have," answered poor John, the blood leaping to his face. "They think they know the man that did it. I dare say the money will be recovered, if that was all," said he, with a desperate indifference, which his father set down to levity; but which sprung from the consciousness of worse behind.

"Your mother's watch, too?" asked Mr. Nicholson.

"Oh, the watch is all right," cried John. "At least, I mean I was coming to the watch—the fact is, I am ashamed to say, I—I had pawned the watch before. Here is the ticket; they didn't find that; the watch can be redeemed; they don't sell pledges." The lad panted out these phrases, one after another, like minute guns; but at the last word, which rang in that stately chamber like an oath, his heart failed him utterly; and the dreaded silence settled on father and son.

It was broken by Mr. Nicholson picking up the pawn ticket: "John Frogs, 85 Pleasant," he read, and then, turning upon John with a brief flash of passion and disgust, "Who is John Frogs?" he cried.

"Nobody," said John. "It was just a name."

"An alias," his father commented, said the culprit; "it's a form, they all do it, the man seemed to understand, we had a great deal of fun over the name."

He paused at that, for he saw his father wince at the picture like a man physically struck; and again there was silence.

"I do not think," said Mr. Nicholson, at last, "that I am an ungenerous father. I have never grudged you money within reason, for any allowable purpose; you have just to come to me and speak. And now I find that you have forgotten all decency and all natural feeling, and actually pawned—pawned—your mother's watch. You must have had some temptation; I will do you the justice to suppose it was a strong one. What did you want with this money?"

"I would rather not tell you," said John. "It will only make you angry."

"I will not be fended with," cried his father. "There must be an end of disingenuous answers. What did you want with this money?"

"To lend it to Houston, sir," says John.

"I thought I had forbidden you to speak to that young man?" asked his father.

"Yes, sir," said John, "but I only met him."

"Where?" came the deadly question.

"In a billiard room," was the damning answer. Thus, had John's single departure from the truth brought instant punishment. For no other purpose but to see Alan would he have entered a billiard room; but he had desired to palliate the fact of his disobedience, and now it happened that he frequented these disreputable haunts upon his own account.

Once more Mr. Nicholson digested the vile tidings in silence, and when John stole a glance at his father's countenance he was abashed to see the marks of suffering.

"Well," said the old gentleman at last, "I cannot pretend not to be simply bowed down. I rose this morning what the world calls a happy man—happy, at least, in a son of whom I thought I could be reasonably proud."

But it was beyond human nature to endure this longer, and John interrupted almost with a scream. "Oh, wheest!" he cried. "That's not all! That's not the worst of it! It's nothing! How could I tell you were proud of me? Oh! I wish, I wish that I had known! But you always said that I was such a disgrace! And the dreadful thing is this: We were all taken up last night, and we have to pay Colette's fine among the six, or we'll be had up for evidence—sheebeen it is. They made me swear to tell you. But for my part," he cried, bursting into tears, "I wish that I was dead!" and he fell on his knees before a chair and hid his face.

Whether his father spoke, and whether he remained long in the room, or at once departed, are points lost to history. A horrid turmoil of mind and body; bursting sobs; broken, vanishing thoughts; now of indignation, now of remorse; broken elementary whiffs of consciousness, of the smell of the horse-hair on the chair bottom; of the jangling of church bells that now began to make day horrible throughout the confines of the city; of the hard floor that bruised his knees; of the taste of tears that found their way into his mouth; for a period of time, the duration of which I can not guess, while I refuse to dwell longer on its agony, these were the whole of God's world for John Nicholson.

When at last, as by the touching of a spring, he returned again to clearness of consciousness and even a measure of composure, the bells had but just done ringing, and the Sabbath silence was still marred by the patter of belated feet. By the clock above the fire, as well as by these more speaking signs, the service had not long begun; and the unhappy sinner, if his father had really gone to church, might count on near two hours of only comparative unhappiness. With his father, the superlative degree returned infallibly. He knew it by every shrinking fiber in his body; he knew it by the sudden dizzy whirling of his brain, at the mere thought of that calamity. An hour and a half, perhaps an hour and three-quarters, if the doctor was long-winded, and then would begin again that active agony from which, even in the dull ache of the present, he shrank as from the bite of fire. He saw, in a vision, the family pew, the somnolent cushions, the Bibles, the psalm books, Maria with her smelling salts, his father sitting spectacled and critical, and at once he was struck with indignation, not unjustly. It was inhuman to go off to church, and leave a sinner in suspense, unpunished, unforgiven. And at the very touch of criticism, the paternal sanctity was lessened; yet the paternal terror only grew, and the two strands of feeling pushed him in the same direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Jenny Lind's Benevolence.

The Century is printing a series of papers on Notable Women. We quote from the paper on "Jenny Lind": "The entire proceeds of the American tour, amounting to more than £20,000, were devoted by Jenny Lind to various benevolent objects. From the days of her early girlhood it had been her chief delight to use for the good of others the wealth which her genius had brought her. She was ever ready to sing for a hospital, or a college, or a poor fellow-artist, or for the chorus, orchestra, or scene-shifters of the theaters where she appeared. 'Is it not beautiful that I can sing so?' she exclaimed when she was told that a large number of children would be saved from wretchedness by a concert she had given for their benefit. The volumes which contain such a record might well bear the label which Jenny Lind's old Swedish guardian placed around the packet containing her letters to him, 'The mirror of a noble soul.'"

A Plain-Spoken Linguist.

A little Russian boy who has a French governess and is always obliged to talk French, was playing in the barn one day and suddenly discovers that the building is on fire. Rushing to the school-room he exclaims: "Oh, mademoiselle, I don't know whether it's le feu or la feu, but anyhow there's a big blaze in the barn!"

A Point in Natural History.

Knowit—Animals are naturally or a quarrelsome disposition. As the poet says, dogs delight to bark and bite.

Howitt—Yes, and even the oyster often gets into a broil.—Kate Field's Washington.

POLLY'S REVEILLE.

Calling Coffee Cocoa Became a Nuisance.

Some years ago when stationed on the coast of West Africa, I bought a gray parrot, which in appearance greatly surpassed the general run of these birds both in size and beauty of plumage, and which, though I paid little or no attention to his education, turned out to be a remarkably apt scholar.

The first indication of his powers was a perfectly successful attempt to whistle the reveille, which, of course, he had heard on the bugles every morning since his introduction to the barracks, and before long he had mastered pretty nearly every bugle call known in the British army. One morning I was awakened by his calling in a loud tone, and in an exact imitation of my own voice: "Coffee, Coffee! you imp of darkness, where are you? Hurry up and bring my cocoa." Coffee being a little native, as black as your boot, whom I employed to work for me. This incident naturally tickled my risibilities, and I laughed immoderately, the bird joining in the cacophonous, and again imitating my tones exactly.

From that time on he was liable to pick up anything heard and repeat it at inopportune moments, which was all very well in its way, but was apt to grow monotonous. Regularly at 5 a. m. he would start a monologue, interspersed with bugle calls and diabolical peals of laughter, which awoke me. I never am very amiable under circumstances of that kind, and would heave my shoes or the first missile that came handy at him. If I happened to go anywhere near the mark he would ejaculate: "Poor Polly! Poor, poor Polly!" in such doleful accents that my wrath was invariably converted into laughter, in which the bird joined with great gusto. Sometimes I would yell to the boy and say: "Coffee, take this infernal bird away!" and all down the corridor, like the very echo of my voice, would come: "Take this infernal bird away, bird away!" "Polly" after awhile became quite a character, and I was offered considerable sums for him, but I decided to take him home and make him a present to the "governor." Of course on shipboard he was among the sailors, and equally, of course, he learned quite a number of commands incidental to their calling, together with a less desirable accompaniment of bad language. When I got him home the way he would yell at an imaginary crew to "square away the main brace," and various other nautical feats was a caution to snakes, accompanying his commands with a string of profanity that would make the toughest old salt hide his head with shame or envy, and invariably indulged in these tricks when we had lady callers.

LORE OF THE LANGUAGES.

Statistics as to the Tongues Spoken by the Roman Race.

Some interesting statistics have been compiled by a Frenchman and reproduced in the *Courier-Journal* respecting the different languages spoken in various parts of the world. He states that the language in which Shakespeare and Milton wrote was then that of less than 6,000,000 human beings. French was the mother tongue of at least 30,000,000 people at a time when English was spoken by less than 16,000,000, and 50,000,000 of French speaking people were living when the revolution broke out in 1789. Between forty and fifty years the English language equalled the German in number of those who spoke it, and now the latter is left far behind. German is now spoken by 10,000,000 persons in the Austro-Hungarian empire, by 46,000,000 in the German empire, by 40,000 in Belgium and by about 2,000,000 persons in Switzerland. German is also spoken by about 2,000,000 persons in the United States and Canada, giving a total of about 60,000,000 who use the German language. French is spoken by the 38,000,000 inhabitants of France, by 2,500,000 people in Belgium, by 300,000 in Alsace-Lorraine, by 600,000 in Switzerland, by 1,500,000 in the United States and Canada, by 600,000 in Hayti and by 1,500,000 in Angiers, India, the West Indies and Africa—in all about 45,000,000. English is spoken by 37,000,000 persons in the British Isles, by probably 57,000,000 of the 60,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, by 4,000,000 persons in Canada, by 3,000,000 in Australia, by 3,700,000 West Indians and by 1,000,000 in India and other British colonies, bringing the total of the English-speaking race to over 100,000,000.

That Glorious Climate.

Eastern Man—Is that climate of yours all that it is claimed to be?

California Man—Healthiest climate in the world.

"Well, I've heard of a good many people who went there and came back worse than before."

"The climate is all right, but you see, as quick as their health returns they get interested in the land boom and buy."

"Yes."

"Well, after that they worry themselves sick, trying to sell it."

When Aleck Had the Bugle.

"You are awfully slow," said a Philadelphia father to his lazy son, a young man of 30 or more. "Why don't you do something? At your age Alexander the Great had conquered the world."

"Possibly," was the languid reply; "but, father, you forget that Alexander was not born and reared in Philadelphia."

CLIPPED AND CURTAILED.

The four great ocean routes employ 1,100 steamships.

At the fashionable dinners oysters are served on artificial oyster shells.

A Mexican street car can be hired for personal use for \$3.50 a day, with the right to stop at any one place for two hours.

A Vermont lumber dealer advertises that he has for sale 50,000 shingles made by the only Christian shingle maker in the state.

An electric locomotive of 3,000 horse power—nearly twice the power of the largest locomotive—is reported as finished at Baden, Zurich.

Philadelphia's policemen, taking a new census, have counted the city's population up to 1,142,653, an increase of 95,080 over the federal census of 1890.

It is one of the greatest misfortunes in life not to be able to endure misfortunes.

Be cautious of giving credence to the ill you hear, and doubly so of repeating it.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Credit is a matter so subtle in its essence, that, as it may be obtained almost without reason, so without reason may it be made to melt away.

It is a fact which escapes none, that, generally speaking, who so is acquainted with his worth has but little stock to cultivate acquaintance with.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething.

Swift liked to write in bed.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 25 cents.

Tamblane was an expert chess player.

Brummell's Cough Drops. The genuine have A. B. on each drop. Sold everywhere.

Buffon's only amusement was walking.

FITS—all the stopped free by DR. KIDNEY'S GREAT NERVE REMEDY. It is after first day's use. Nervous cures. Treatise and 25¢ trial bottle free to FIF case. Send to Dr. KIDNEY, 331 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Each's favorite pastime was gardening.

Jane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, kidney and liver troubles and regularizes the stomach and bowels. Price 25¢ and \$1.00 at all dealers.

Peter the Great liked to be carried about in a wheelbarrow.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. CHRISTIAN WORLD, LONDON, Eng.

Charles II spent much time in his chemical laboratory.

The Modern Invalid Has tastes medicinally, in keeping with other luxuries. A remedy must be pleasantly acceptable in form, purely wholesome in composition, truly beneficial in effect and entirely free from every objectionable quality. If ready to consult a physician, if constipated he uses the gentle family laxative Syrup of Figs.

The office seeker is satisfied with any office he can get—until he gets it.

A great many patriots would emigrate if there was any money in it.

"Each Spoonful has done its Perfect Work,"

Is the verdict of every woman who has used Royal Baking Powder. Other baking powders soon deteriorate and lose their strength, owing to the use of inferior ingredients, but Royal Baking Powder is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.

WORTH READING.

MT. STERLING, KY., Feb. 13, 1889.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Gentlemen:—I desire to make a brief statement for the benefit of the suffering. I had been afflicted with catarrh of the head, throat and nose, and perhaps the bladder for fully twenty-five years. Having tried other remedies without success, I was led by an advertisement in the *Sentinel-Democrat* to try Hall's Catarrh Cure. I have just finished my fourth bottle, and I believe I am right when I say I am thoroughly restored. I don't believe there is a trace of the disease left. Respectfully,

WM. BRIDGES, Merchant Tailor.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 75 cents.

**DO YOU
COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S
BALM
THE
BEST
COUGH
CURE**

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A special cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY.
Holds the most perfect eye with ease under all circumstances. Perfect Adjustment. Comfort and Cure Now Guaranteed. Illustrated catalogue and rules for self-examination sent absolutely free. Write for it. JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., 24 Broadway, New York City.

TRUSSES GEORGE H. HARDY
CURE RUPTURE
Rupture and Piles Laid, mailed FREE. Address: L. B. SEELY & CO., 25 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Garfield Tea Overcome constipation, biliousness, indigestion, headache, nervousness, etc. Cures Constipation. Cures Constipation. Cures Constipation.

GRIND YOUR OWN Home, Fresh, Grind Flour & Corn in the \$5 HAND MILL. Write for it. JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., 24 Broadway, New York City.

MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather over the rivet. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes. Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a box of 100; assorted sizes. JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.